CANDOUR

The British Views - Letter

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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A LONG LOOK BACK

Recently we received an enquiry concerning the availability of copies of A.K. Chesterton's prophetically enlightening book: *The New Unhappy Lords*, first published in 1967: it was from a lady who now after nearly thirty years, and retirement from an erstwhile colony in East Africa, had re-read it, and found herself "struck by the accuracy of its predictions." She was, in fact, making the enquiry on behalf of a friend who had asked if it was still possible to obtain a copy. We replied that we still had a stock of paperbacks and sent her a recent copy of *Candour* in which *The Lords* was advertised. Back it came by return of post, the lady saying that we had mistaken her interest; it was merely on behalf of her friend that she had written.

It appeared that even though the prophetic nature of A.K.C's writing was acknowledged, it had no more resulted in any thought of preventative action on the part of the denizens of threatened lands than had the original and on-going exposition of the world take-over conspiracy reiterated in the *samizdat* press today. Therefore, it is still imperative for us to continue the exercise, especially since we are always acquiring new, young readers, avid for information, who must be provided with even more opportunities than were A.K.C.'s contemporaries, to be wise before the event. Not just one particular national betrayal was told and fortold but the whole series of post wars I and II events that continually evidenced contemporary and future progress of the age-old plot to destroy nation states, and amalgamate the ruins into a world federation subservient to and ruled by the Jewish Race - the Talmudic `messiah´ adopted after its repudiation of Christ Jesus and His rule, whose prophesied coming and reign was the theme of the Old Testament of Israel.

If we keep in mind what is the ultimate object of the world amalgamating exercise it is only necessary for us in Britain today to realise that our present parlous condition is not a result of native incompetence but of specific attacks promulgated immediately upon the cessation of the open hostilities of the Second World War (itself a wit numbing weapon in the subjugation of the *goyim*). The new attack began as a two pronged advance (politically speaking): for the Right the aim was the progressive abandonment of national sovereignty via Britain's "guilt-ridden" abdication from her imperial role, subtly but persistently advocated by suborned party politicians; on the Left, the inauguration of what has become known as the Welfare State, for British consumption, intended, on the one hand to serve as a distraction from the dismemberment of the Empire ("it is not breaking up, it is growing up"), and on the other, as an attraction for the abandoned imperial subjects overseas,("the Health Service *needs* immigrant labour"). On the European front, the first growth to appear above ground was The Coal and Steel High Authority, under the Presidency of Jean Monnet who in 1956 became President of the Action Committee for the United States of Europe! How was that going to be established with "no loss of national sovereignty" as that arch liar, Edward Heath persisted and persists - in the face of all evidence to the contrary - in proclaiming whenever he is challenged on the issue.

Whilst the eyes of the general public were directed to the conversion of the somewhat moribund League of Nations into its then flourishing heir apparent, The United Nations Organisation, already stretching its limbs, Right, Left and Centre, beside the aptly named Lake Success, in the United States, the little regarded Iron and Steel Authority had imperceptably become an amorphous society called, "The Six", i.e. Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, W. Germany, France and Italy; the change seemingly of no significance to Britain still sitting supine in the pit watching apathetically whilst her empire was whittled away. At the time, A.K. was warning: "There is no way that England and Wales can sustain their independence without reciprocal trade with the Colonies and Dominions overseas." The news on Friday 12th May 1995 contained the item about the Swedish owned train making factory in York was about to close as it could no longer sustain its losses. So train makers in York will now have to join the coal miners, the steel workers, the ship builders, the British car manufacturers, the glovers, the cobblers, the lace makers and all the other craftsmen in the dole queues, the Labour Exchange or foreign parts. So much for the Consevative Right.

The Left had already done part of its stint in setting up the Beveridge Plan of the National Insurance Health Service which was to provide a `free´ medical service to anyone rich or poor, home or abroad in the British world, for a premium of two pounds a week per person. The `Left´ promotors of this idealistic essay in philanthropy spurned with ridicule Sir John Anderson's warning that it would cost unpayable millions in a very few years - after all, he was on the opposition benches wasn't he? So he couldn't be Right when the Left was Right could he?

The next decades saw his prediction exemplified, but by then, the Well or Ill-fare state of the medical scene had ceased to be newsworthy when "The Right" then "in power" as they say, was busy negotiating the British Empire out of existence regardless of the blood shed in its defence, and `freedom´ was being bestowed on India, Burma and Pakistan's emerging West and East while the United Nations was successfully transferred to the gigantic glass matchbox Rockefeller Centre, N.Y. where, in the hands of the tycoons of Wall Street, it struck fire and mayhem in the length and breadth of Africa, and sent its envoys to negotiate the installation of chaos in every erstwhile European sphere of influence. Murder, rape, robbery and religious persecution became the ways of life and death for freebooters, terrorists and persecutors, while larceny on the grand scale was practised against their subject victims by the new despotic rulers in all those once prosperous and ordered states.

Such was the Money Power's monopoly of nearly all means of mass communication that, far from scandalising the do-gooding citizens of the world, it was all translated into the results of a tardy but heartfelt remorse for previous imperialistic arrogance that had refused "edjication" to "our coloured brethren", for which omission we must all be taxed "till the pips squeak" to make reparation. Thus, "freedom" would mend all. So the "guilt-ridden" nations stood mum-chance; paralysed by the liberal rhetoric of their pre-paid masters; helpless before the "wind of change" and blind to the malignant growth so successfully burgeoning in the European heartlands.

Yet the infamous plan was all there in black and white for all who would read; recorded in the official copy of the Treaty of Rome, obtainable for a modest sum from the Stationery Office.

Latter day furore over "Maastricht" shows how few of the people whose fate was to be decided by it had earlier made any effort to discover what was in store for them. There was nothing in the Maastricht Treaty that was not laid down in the Treaty of Rome, produced a generation before.

Will it be another thirty years before a *ci-devant* national newspaper proclaims in a banner headline that:

"ONLY GOD CAN SAVE US NOW"?

It seems unlikely that God's patience will bear with us so long. If we continue to deny and/or ignore Him, surely something more comprehensive even than the Deluge will engulf us. Surely then, it should now go without saying that since apparently only the last few paces remain before we come to "The Drop" when it is intended that our national neck will be broken forever, it is superfluous to detail yet again the steps that have gone before - but, extraordinary as it may seem, the main body of our compatriots still walk hopefully, voting cards in hand, apparently totally unaware that we are already on that "short walk" from the condemned cell that we have occupied ever since "sentence" was pronounced in 1974 and ratified at every crisis of confidence from 1975 onwards.

Our nation like our faith will never die as long as we, comrades-in-arms, refuse to co-operate with our would-be executioners.

However few we are, we shall prevail - so, it is "once more into the breach" for us, dear friends; God IS with us.

R de B.

THE CRUEL OPPRESSOR AND THE DUCKLINGS

by Bwana Mkubwa

Readers will recall that in the days of Empire, when the then flourishing peaceful and prosperous British colonies were under endless, relentless and bitter attack by both the communists and the ignorant trendy liberal thinkers of all nations, the Colonial Police were often attacked as one of the prime examples of cruel oppressive rule. Liberal thinkers believed blindly as with most things, that the Colonial Police were universally hated and feared by the downtrodden Africans over whom they ruled with an iron fist. Today's grim picture of Africa presents a scene of almost rampant chaos, oppression and anarchy, where it is no longer safe to travel especially for Africans; corruption has become a way of life effectively dispelling the once sacred liberal myth about the cruel colonial police - as it has so many myths about the Empire - but unfortunately, revelation has come too late for the millions of Africans. Excepting those few at the top of the pile, the mass of Africans now look back on those colonial days of fair treatment, efficient transport and services, uncorrupt officials and police, as a long gone Golden Age. An age when the police were fair, tolerant, impartial no matter what a man's tribe.

What was it really like? A true story told to me by an ex Colonial Police Officer shows what a delightful, often hilarious atmosphere and philosophy prevailed in the many police stations that were dotted across those vast countries. A far cry from the iron fist rule. The story went as follows:

"One very hot morning in the early 1960's, I was Officer in Charge of a small station that policed a huge African township called Kabwata. This was adjacent to the capital, Lusaka, of what was then Northern Rhodesia. At about 11.00am my African Station Inspector came running into my office in great excitement. `Sir´, `he cried´, `a very large noisy crowd is coming towards the station, something serious must have happened I walked out to the front of the station and stood in the small garden that served as a courtyard. The white flagpole stood in the midst and the Union

Flag flew gently but proudly in the hot morning air. It was very hot. I looked down the long dusty road, in those days it was a well maintained tarmac one, and sure enough coming towards us was a huge noisy crowd of at least four hundred Africans. The noise was terrific, but punctuated with loud African laughter. From under the thick trees that lined the road, other Africans who had been sitting talking passing the day joined the excited crowd. As it grew near I saw that at the front were two old grey haired Africans. I can see them now. One was wearing a huge old khaki army overcoat, fastened with a large safety pin. The other wore a long ragged grey coat and on his head he wore a fez made from an old car tyre. Each of these old gentlemen was carrying a large black and white duck and now and then they would put the ducks down and engage in a furious bout of fist fighting, dancing round each other throwing punches and curses, clouds of dust rose round them and the huge crowd roared with delight, encouraging the two combatants. The noise and laughter was deafening. To my amazement I also saw that a cloud of yellow ducklings surrounded both warriors. When the crowd parted them, each would scoop up as many ducklings as he could and cram them into his spacious pockets. Soon both old men and the escorting crowd, by now numbering about six hundred people, many having heard the noise had come from the nearby beer hall to see the fun. I walked down the path to meet them and once again fighting started, with ducks and ducklings scattering. The two adult ducks stood quacking in excitement. The mother duck trying to gather all her offspring. One of my constables went forward and parted the two old warriors and tried to find out what was going on. Loud arguments then started between the two old men with many in the crowd joining in. I held my hands over my ears in a good theatrical gesture and in good Nyanja, the common language that was understood throughout Central Africa, I called on all to be quiet and to explain what on earth was going on and why were these two fine old gentlemen disturbing the peace? The two chattered in excitement, waving their arms and fists and after a while the story came out. By now the mother duck had all her large brood gathered together, and the male duck stood with a rather superior air, as if unperturbed by all the fuss he had undoubtedly caused. It appeared that the two old gentlemen lived at the far end of the township. They were neighbours and although of different tribes were good friends. The gent in the khaki coat owned the male duck, the other in the grey coat owned the female. The two ducks without any prior arrangement between their owners, as in the old days was always agreed in advance, had got together for an illegal romance and the result had been an incredibly large number of eggs which in the course of time the mother duck had hatched out and the result was this large number of bright yellow ducklings. The old gent who owned the male duck had come along and claimed all the ducklings as his since he owned the male. The other claimed that as he owned the female and she had done all the work and the other had not had permission to mate his drake with his female duck, then all the ducklings belonged to him. A long argument had taken place and as was usual in Africa when words failed they had resorted to fisticuffs. This battle between the two men had soon attracted a delighted and interested crowd, who had all suggested that they take all the ducks and ducklings to the Police Station and ask the Police to sort the matter out. I listened to this quaint story, told with much waving of hands, mimicry and excellent imitations of duck quacks. I nodded and explained at length that I fully understood the problem. The huge grinning crowd all looked at me, a vast sea of black smiling faces all eager to hear how I would solve such a complicated problem."

BEER HALL

"I addressed both the men and the huge crowd in fluent Nyanja and told the crowd that it was a known and sad fact that because of the breakdown of tribal traditions, caused by people leaving their tribal areas and villages and coming to live in towns, many old and well tested customs had, sadly, died out. Morality too, I was sorry to say had also declined with the breakdown of tribal ways. Things were not what they used to be. Sadly I had to say that this lack of morality had spread to ducks. All the crowd nodded in agreement and loud discussions took place and we all agreed that the immorality among ducks was becoming a cause for concern. However, I added, we must live with the times. It was as I well knew such a male orientated society that due and accepted protocol would have to be observed. I then made my judgement. As the male duck was the male and so the stronger and accepted head of any family, even an unmarried duck family, then the owner of the male should have first choice of the ducklings. The owner of the female, the second, and this would go on until all the ducklings were divided up between them. However, if there was an odd duckling out then it would go to the owner of the female, as he owned the mother. But he would have to buy the owner of the male duck a pint of beer. Everyone shouted in agreement and in a deep silence the division of the ducklings took place. Sure enough there was an odd duckling left over and this went to the owner of the female. He then at once asked the other man to come over to the beer hall with him for a pint. Both gathered up their ducklings and ducks and now the best of friends again they went off in triumph to the beer hall escorted by a large crowd all laughing in delight and no doubt many a pint would be consumed while the story was retold.`Ah, sir', the African police all cried. `You have made new modern African law for the division of the ducklings that result from cases such as this'. I then returned to my office and sat and roared with laughter and utter delight. Where else I wondered would the police have such a task, where else would people bring ducklings for the police to sort out? Yet I knew, as every colonial police officer did, how we were thought of by the ignorant liberal thinkers. We were supposed to be oppressors. I wondered, cynically, did the French peasants, or Belgian or Polish, go to the Gestapo headquarters to ask them to sort out disputes over ducklings?"

Many such true and delightful incidents occured all over colonial Africa, every Colonial Policeman and District Commissioner could tell similar stories. Stories and incidents that could only have occured in colonial Africa. Who knows but to this day, in that township any dispute over ducklings is very likely settled as was this one. Memories are long in Africa. In the years to come many stories will be told time after time by Africans. The ordinary African knew the real truth about the Colonial Police. The Colonial Police knew too, the regard and respect that the Africans had held for them. That was always their great reward. The truth was, and still is, forever on their side."

LONDON IN THE SUMMER OF '77: AN OUTSIDERS LOOK

by Mary Ball Martinez

The parks of London, those acres and acres of green that are one of the joys of Europe, turned to straw this summer. Already in July the fields of Kent and Surrey had taken on the dull grey-yellow of stretches of Sicily and between the fields giant elms stood like skeletons, dead, these last not from the drought but from the relentless spread of elm disease.

In England where prime television time is given to round table discussions on how to grow daffodils or improve a strain of turnips, this summer's drought is a national tragedy. An order to withhold water from gardens in south Devon was already in effect the night I invited our bus driver, a genial lad from down that way, to have dinner with me in Birmingham. I had wanted to draw him out about politics but we talked about flowers, about oleanders on my Roman terrace, about roses in his Devonshire garden. What, he wondered would become of them now?

After Italy, with its obsession over politics, the English disinclination to think politically seems like a lassitude. I couldn't help surmising that it must have been relatively easy to con these people out of their empire in the 1950's as it was to con them out of their Mass 400 years ago. These people? My people. Tracing Ball ancestry one time we got back to a London clergyman of the 17th century who was attached to the newly reformed London church of St. Mary-le-Bow.

They say that Vienna after the First World War was like a head without a body, a spiritual source and bureaucratic brain to an empire that no longer existed. There followed two terrible decades for Austria then, after the Second World War the truncated country settled down to become a neat little second Switzerland. Truncated Britain has not had time to settle. She sits groggy from the shock of dismemberment while evil after evil piles on her back: skyrocketing inflation, steadily advancing socialization, confiscatory taxation, rising unemployment, Common Market tyranny, unchecked immigration, the Irish troubles and, given the English temperament, you can add the elm disease.

On the subject of on-marching socialism, Jesuit Fr. Paul Crane has some important things to say in this month's Christian Order. Answering in the affirmative his own question, could Communism come to England, he cites the apparent indifference to freedom in his country today and the erosion of family life under a shower of government handouts from the welfare state. "The strength of society itself ebbs," he writes, "as Britain's strength ebbs with the crumbling of the values of responsible family life." Thus the nation comes to be held together "by the apron strings of the Nanny State" and, as the proletarian mentality grows, "a change to a Red Nanny would not bother the children unduly." Not, dear Father, if under Communism, by a wondrous miracle, Englishmen could retain their three beloved escapes: their gardens, their books and their theaters.

No people make theater more consistantly and better than the English, London playhouses are full, even in summer and there is always their greatest show, the monarchy, with Elizabeth II playing the star role with consumate dignity against the backdrop of grandiose palaces complete with colorfully costumed extras, while she wields, for all practical purposes hardly more power than an actress playing the part of a British queen.

As for unchecked immigration it is hardly an exaggeration to say that finding an Englishman on the streets of London these days is not as easy as one might think. Perhaps one out of four people you pass looks Anglo-Saxon or even European. Among the staff of our hotel there was one Englishman, a young Mr. Brown who claimed to be the manager. But there to boss him was an Italian from Bologna. Brown's hard working assistant was a Portuguese and the dining-room staff was Spanish, the night porter Pakistani and the lick-and-a-promise cleaning girls hailed from somewhere along the upper Amazon. Swathed in Carnival-in-Rio get-ups they called out the Spanish equivalent of "Hi ya doin?" when they caught sight of me in the hall.

While the cast-off Empire comes to Britain in search of jobs the young Englishman has no more empire to go to. He still goes out but not for England and not as an Englishman whose roots are in the home island. When he leaves it is to become a South African, a Canadian or an Australian. Out there, of course, he will keep England with him through books, the way we English-speakers on the Continent keep it through the British Council libraries. If American reading tends toward the practical, French and German toward the speculative, English reading could be said to be done for the sheer love of the language. In Britain everybody, or nearly everybody, takes part in this escape of escapes. Where else could you find an economy store like Woolworth's on the Strand dedicating four whole sales counters to

books? Not to junk but to row on row of paperback Graham Greenes, Aldous Huxleys, Iris Murdochs. Discount bookstores line some London streets like clothing stores in New York. Foyles is a many floored book department store.

But far and away the finest things in England to this visitor who, on two earlier trips had not travelled outside of London, were Canterbury Cathedral and the old churches and quadrangles of Cambridge and Oxford. They were a revelation. I had had no idea how beautiful English gothic is, how warm the golden shades of its stone nor how much of it survived the several Protestant rampages. Now in the 1970's while Catholic altars everywhere are hidden behind tables or presidents' thrones if they have not been carted away and smashed, it is moving to enter one of these ancient, long-Anglican churches and see a revered, unhindered altar and on the altar a crucifix.

Our London hotel was a block from Kensington Gardens and I used to walk there early in the mornings, crossing the dry stubble grass to reach the Round Pond with its geese and swans. Far to the right, the gates of Kensington Palace where Queen Victoria was born and where Queen Elizabeth's sister Margaret lives, "very sad" one of our tour ladies from Texas told me, "since her separation from Tony."

At that early hour a small group of Japanese tourists might pass by and later a few Spanish or French, looking for the statue of Peter Pan. At any time half a dozen Pakistani or Malayian immigrants would be lolling in delapidated deck chairs along the shore. For all their love of parks I don't remember seeing English except once, a father who was showing his little son how to sail a model boat. Thirty years ago I would have sworn they were A.A. Milne and Christopher Robin. Those two certainly would have gone there and they would have read the sign that still stands like the ghost of another London, when the Round Pond was the afternoon rendezvous of smartly dressed children sailing their boats under the fond eyes of white-capped nannies. The sign reads;

Assistance in recovering stranded
Or submerged model boats may be
Obtained from the park keeper
Near the Orangery.

Editor's Note: Mrs Mary Ball Martinez was in a previous issue of *Candour* alluded to as a "former journalist" for which gross error we apologise profusely. She *is* one of the busiest journalists we know of dedicated to reporting right as opposed to wrong and we salute her.

HELL TO PLAY **Part Four**

Sandro Soriano, secretary of the Rome based organisation *Reconquista*, continues his lecture on subliminal messages in modern music by looking at some of the figures regarded of as important in the development of satanic thought within the Rock community.

We will now meet four people who gravitate around the Rock world. For the investigator these people are of the greatest importance.

Aleister Crowley. The first of these people in terms of importance is Aleister Crowley (1875-1947). He was a master of the occult and Black Magic practitioner. He could be considered the "father" of Red Magic (sexual magic). He was also one of the inspirers of the '68 revolution and the founder of an organisation whose intent is to promote the occult, and dominate the world. The name of the organisation is the O.T.O. (Ordo Templi Orientis or Order of the Templars of the East). Crowley gathered his theoretical teachings together in his book Magick, a real manual of magic. In his book he advocates the "backward masking" and musical backward masking technique as a way to evoke demons, or at least as a passage from the natural to the preternatural world.

Many of you will think of the obstacle of language which makes messages nearly incomprehensible because, obviously, we realise they are all in English. Leaving aside the fact that many psychiatrists of world fame have shown the possible comprehension of subliminal messages in foreign languages there is another level at which this technique is "unchained", the esoteric one. If backward masking can be considered demonic invocation we would assume that when we listen to records containing similar rites we expose ourselves to an uncontrolled malevolent influence. Let us hear what another "father" of magic says, the heretical Giordano Bruno[1], more known as a political subversive than a magician, in his book *De Magia de Vinculis* teaches how to hook someone to magic. Now the translation of this is very very difficult, I will try to do it. "These bonds are tenacious, not just because they are not perceived and because they find their entrance to the soul through the hearing. The binding effect realises itself also with a secret whisper and the people enchanted do not necessarily understand the words of the chanters". Remember how long ago this truth was stated!

To people who have listened to these records (or chanters) and then say they have never received any "influence" Bruno writes, "Even when they do not perceive things immediately they may perceive them in the future". Let us go back to Aleister Crowley. The notion of backward masking, the reverse message, can without any doubt be attributed to him. If you take the example of the album *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band* by the Beatles a careful eye can

recognise on the illustrated cover, near the top left hand corner, a photograph of Crowley mixed in with other celebrities. Ringo Starr, the Beatles' drummer, stated, "We have brought together here the pictures of people we *love and admire"* (our emphasis). We will see this picture later in the slides. However it is not the first time we have had news of this. On the *White Album*, also by the Beatles, is a track called *Revolution Number Nine*, let us listen to this normally, (plays tape), the words "number nine" are repeated time and again. This absurd repetition of the words "number nine" in fact hides a disgusting message, (plays tape backwards), the words "turn me on dead man" can be clearly heard. Who is the dead man in question? The press at this time having known about this message came up with the name of Paul McCartney who it was said had died mysteriously and been substituted by someone else! Unfortunately some evidence leads us to think that the dead man they are talking about is Jesus Christ. To strengthen this thesis are the words of John Lennon who when presenting the *White Album* stated, "Christianity is disappearing, it is regressing and dislocating. There is no doubt, the facts of history show that I am right. At the moment we are more popular than Jesus Christ. I ask myself which will disappear first, Christianity or Rock and Roll."[2] That the reverse message is not accidental by the Beatles is confirmed by John Lennon in another statement, "At the end of *Rain* you will hear that I am singing backwards. We have done a lot of work with EMI (a record company). At that time we had the habit of bringing home all the songs to see if we could invent some supplementary trick or to see how the piece (track) would have come out with the guitar. Sometimes I got home (from the recording studio) at 5am with my head completely confused. Once I took the tape recorder, put the tape on, and the track came out backwards, and that is how we started. This is what inspired me." Now this may seem exaggerated. Let us hear what Derek Taylor, the Beatles' Press Officer said in an interview,[3] "It's incredible, absolutely incredible, here are these four boys from Liverpool. They're rude, they're profane, they're vulgar, and they've taken the world. It's as if they'd founded a new religion. They're completely anti-Christ. I mean I'm anti-Christ as well, but they're so anti-Christ they shock me, which isn't an easy thing." Even better, following a statement during an interview by Paul McCartney that "believe it or not, we're not anti-Christ", Ringo Starr contributed a quick retort, "Just anti-Pope and anti- Christian." [4]

Let us return again to Aleister Crowley. The Beatles are not the only people in the Rock world that admire Crowley. Not everyone knows that Jimmy Page, guitarist with Led Zeppelin is not just an admirer and disciple but he also acquired all of the property of Crowley including his estate Boleskine on the banks of Loch Ness, turning it into a sanctuary of the occult. Page also owns one of the largest occultist bookshops in Britain called *Equinox*. We should not be surprised by the fact that Led Zeppelin, as a result of an (alleged) subliminal message contained in their fourth LP; the track *Stairway to Heaven* was the object of a judicial prosecution in California, in April 1982, instigated by *The Committee for the Protection of the Consumer.*

Led Zeppelin and the Beatles are not the only groups to follow Crowley. Christian Death for example also follow the teachings of this magician. Let us now listen to the track *Prayer* taken from the album by Christian Death, *Theatre of Pain.* We hear extremely clearly when reversed *"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven, give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us"* It is a strange thing, we hear that this is obviously the *Our Father,* but there are two things missing. The last two lines. Obviously the Father they are referring to is not the one that would avert temptation.

Kenneth Anger. A disciple of Aleister Crowley, Kenneth Anger has been the initiator of Keith Richards and Mick Jagger (of the Rolling Stones) to the occult sciences and to the consecration to Satan of these musicians. We should not be surprised by the fact that many songs by the Rolling Stones deal with satanic themes and that Mick Jagger invites his listeners to "Dance with Mr. D." (D = Devil). Kenneth Anger wrote the screenplay of the film *Lucifer Rising,* giving the musical direction to Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin.

Anton S. Zandor LaVey. Anton LaVey is the founder of the first Church consecrated to Satan which he started in San Francisco, California, in 1966 (on Walpurgisnacht). The magazine *Time* published an article in 1971 that showed in only a few years after the opening of the satanic temple there were some 12,000 followers. LaVey is also the author of the so-called Satanic Bible which outlines the religion and practise of Satanism. You may ask yourself what this has to do with Rock? It is very simple. The American group The Eagles produced the very famous, and much listened to album *Hotel California*. To commemorate the date and place of their consecration to Satan. On the record you can hear ofted reference to the date 1969. What hits us is the reverse messages that we will now hear from the title track of the album, *Hotel California*. (plays track normally, then reversed). We have now heard their true meaning. Firstly,"Yeah the evil thing named Blister, yeah we must make it out with him"., then, *"Are you playing Anton with the scanner"*, and finally *"Oh!, oh! his own wise self and his magic self."* I do not want to bore you with the whole piece reversed so I will read you the text of the rest of the piece, *"There's something down there. Do you know why many things are gathered here in your hotel. These are his stones, his offerings. Yes, Satan's music, yes. It is all his and it is his way to speak in languages, like a river, because his name is detestable. Yes, his name is detestable, in your hotel because they are his stones and his picture. Yes, Satan leads, puts things in order, organises his religion. For all the night was wonderful. He cooks it in a cauldron. He organises it for his son the anti-Christ, for the one who he*

will give to Rosemary (the mother of the anti-christ). *`Wait, wait a moment' she says, `stay boy, sit, my cocaine is here on the table. Let me show you something'".* There then follows a description of a sexual connection between Satan and a boy.

The Eagles have also released tracks called *Witchy Woman*, *Journey of the Sorcerer*, and *Good Day in Hell;* at the request of Anton LaVey, Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stone has composed To Their Satanic Majesties, which has become the anthem of American satanists. It was also LaVey who influenced Roman Polanski, the film director with regard to his famous movie *Rosemary's Baby*. This is the same Rosemary mentioned in the piece I read just before.

The Eagles are not the only followers of the anti-christ. There are many groups preparing for his coming, and they often talk about it. A group that deserves a mention is Jefferson Starship. Let us listen to a piece of a track called *A Child is Coming* from their album *Blown against the Empire*. In this record, which was very popular with children, they sing about a child that will come and after his birth everything will be more beautiful, shining and wonderful. You want to know who this baby is? Jefferson Starship tell us very candidly on the same piece when played backwards when we repeatedly hear the words *"Son of Satan"*.

Many other artists are waiting for the arrival of this child. For example the singer Prince. Let us listen to a piece of a track called *Darling Nikki* from his album Purple Rain. We hear (plays normally and then reversed), *"Hello! How are you?, I'm fine, cos I know that the Lord is coming soon, coming, coming soon."* Prince may be intending Jesus Christ but it is enough to understand the text of the coming song which I will not translate because it is too extreme. It is all based on an incestuous relationship and the arrival of this "Lord" to enlighten people and give them a new and better world.

Carlos Castenada. Carlos Castenada is another master of occult science whose teaching has influenced the artistic direction of The Eagles. Larry Salter, the manager of The Eagles, openly confesses that some members of the group go to the Church of Satan, and admits that the group took the name The Eagles from the spirit evoked amongst the Red Indian cosmos. Many of their songs are written under the influence of Peyotl (an hallucinogenic drug) and are based on the teachings of Carlos Castenada, under whose direction the group was formed. This information was given to T*ime* magazine during an interview with Larry Salter.[5]

Footnotes: (1), Giordano Bruno, Born 1548 in the Kingdom of Naples. Ordained Priest 1572, burnt at the stake for heresy by the Inquisition at Rome in 1600; (2) Newsweek, March 21st 1966 p.52; (3) Saturday Evening Post, August 8-15, 1964. p.25; (4) Christianity Today. October 22nd 1965, p.46 & 58; (5) Time, August 15th, 1975.

ZÜNDELHAUS TORCHED!

At 5 am on May 7th 1995, the home and headquarters of revisionist publisher Ernst Zündel was severely damaged by an arsonist. Zündel, based in Toronto, Canada, fortunately was attending a meeting with his lawyer in Victoria. As he stated later, "There is little doubt that had I been in Toronto I would have been killed by flames and smoke which engulfed the attic room where I used to sleep."

The badly damaged roof of Zündel's H.Q.

The three storey building is, in all probability, beyond repair, that which was not burnt or smoke damaged, was waterlogged. In the latest issue of his newsletter *Power* Ernst writes, "So the arsonists destroyed $400,000 of my building, $100,000 in contents, mostly machinery, and almost all of my private belongings. I wonder if these Jews, who have agitated against me, and their Marxist-Liberal fellow travellers in government and the media, will consider this is a big enough fine levied on me for trying to expose their holocaust-extortion-racket. Somehow I doubt it!" He continues, "I am sure in the end we will win this struggle. A house can be burned, but truth can't be burned. Once again I appeal for your help!"
Candour supports and repeats this appeal. Ernst Zündel deserves all the help and support we can provide.

Donations to Ernst Zündel, 206 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ontario, M5A 2L1, Canada. (cheques made payable to Samisdat Publishers).

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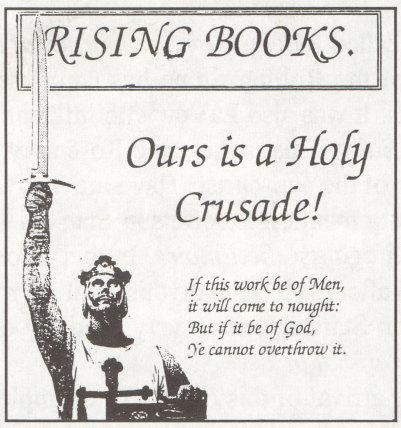

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Lady Birdwood, 82, the indefatigable fighter for the truth, was recently mugged by a black thug. She is believed to have suffered a broken hip and wrist. The staff of Candour wish Lady Birdwood a speedy recovery and, to the criminal involved, may swift retribution follow.

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